

THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. II.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1814.

[NO. 38.]

MONTRAVERS AND LAVINIA;

OR
ONE WINTER IN LONDON.

(Continued.)

HER face was pronounced, by some of the leading men of taste and *haut ton*, completely beautiful; and, consequently, no one disputed her pre-eminence in loveliness. Her person was said to be a model of elegance and symmetry; her taste in the art of adorning it exquisite; and her manners fascinating. Montravers perpetually heard her praised for wit, beauty, gracefulness, and a variety of attractions; and he was incessantly reminded of his own good fortune in securing such a treasure.

For some time this universal homage paid to Lavinia afforded him no slight degree of satisfaction; but he, ere long, began to open his eyes to the dangers which might arise from a continued repetition of such flatteries, and the snares which surrounded her. He sighed for the calm and rational delights of the country, and wished Lavinia was equally inclined with himself to participate in the enjoyments which home afforded; and he longed for the period of their fixing their abode at Woodlands. But Lavinia's views were different from his; she shuddered at the idea of quitting the regions of gaiety—she knew not how to seek for happiness in her own mind, nor in the tranquil joys of a domestic circle in the country. Retirement never suited her inclinations, and having now drank of the cup of pleasure, the thoughts of relinquishing those delights that fascinated all her senses, and burying her charms at a distance from all the haunts of fashion, with only her husband, her cousin, and some quiet, sober, country neighbours, was horrible—they were petrifying—insupportable, and in a word, what she could not submit to.

Montravers was astonished, he was grieved, and hurt at several expressions of dislike to the country; and unwillingness to retire to it, which Lavinia, afraid of openly avowing her sentiments, had occasionally let fall; but still, too much the *lover* to give a positive denial to her wishes, and, as she had fixed her mind upon going for a short while to Bath, he made no very strong objection to her proposal of going thither, where the same round of expensive amusements were entered into with increased avidity. The same admiration followed her footsteps; their abode became the resort of the gay and fashionable of both sexes—the scene of luxury and voluptuous entertainments; while Lavinia, thus plunged into the vortex of folly, was quickly pursuing the certain means of involving her husband and herself in ruinous embarrassments.

Amelia saw, and was seriously alarmed at her cousin's wild pursuit of what she termed pleasure. She esteemed Montravers, and felt for the disappointment he was doomed to experience, in his cherished hopes of beholding

his beloved Lavinia a respectable domestic character. To reason with the giddy creature, she was sensible was to no purpose—for she was rarely inclined to listen to the dictates of prudence, or attend to admonitions which in any manner militated against the line of conduct she chose to adopt. In regard to pecuniary matters, she was devoid of consideration, and cared not from whence the resources came, provided she possessed the means of living in splendour, and running the usual race of dissipation and extravagance. Amelia, however, strove to lead her gently to a more becoming sense of her conduct, but ridicule was, at first, the return for her counsels, and resentment the ultimate consequence of her interference. Amelia was hurt, and resolved, in future, to be silent on a subject on which it was evident her thoughtless cousin could not bear to be counselled. The time of quitting Bath she knew was approaching, and she still hoped that, in the more tranquil scenes of the country, Lavinia would perceive her errors, and retrieve them, by a very different system in future.

Two months elapsed, and Bath began to lose a number of its most tonish visitors. The birth-day was approaching, parliament was about to meet, and the world of fashion was crowding to the regions of gaiety and dissipation, and their various town residences. Lavinia sighed to join the throng; but how to prevail on her husband to consent to her removing to the capital, was a point she knew not in what manner to accomplish. Already Montravers was weary of their mode of living; already he had expressed his wish to be at Woodlands, and had hinted also, that his finances could not long serve for the support of such an expensive style.

"We really must leave this place," said he "my dearest love; I am satiated with the sameness of its amusements, and am astonished you are not equally weary of such a frivolous round." "Let us go to London, then!" said Lavinia, who eagerly seized on her husband's expressions of weariness at Bath, "we cannot, at this dreary season of the year, condemn ourselves to the chilling horrors of the country. It will be time enough to go to Woodlands in the spring; and, in the meanwhile, we may pass a month or two amidst the more enlivening scenes in the capital."

Montravers looked astonished; and for a moment, hesitated what reply to make to a proposal so opposite to his inclinations, and so imprudent in the then state of his finances. At length he said, "I wish, Lavinia, to indulge you in every thing that is reasonable, and consistent with the means I possess; but, indeed, my love, my fortune will not enable us to pass our winters in the metropolis—nor to live in the manner we have launched into, since our arrival at Bath. I request, therefore, you will seriously reflect upon the consequences that may ensue in the event of continuing a system, such as that we have begun." "But I hate the country, in the winter par-

ticularly," interrupted Lavinia, "I always hated it, and, at present, I should feel no relish for the finest rural scenery, nor the most charming of your rustic pleasures. I wish to go to London; and, now emancipated from parental authority, I must positively enjoy more of life, than when chain-bound amidst the hideous precipices of the north. So do not, dear Edward, put on such a grave face," continued she, throwing her arms round his neck; "nor oblige your poor Lavinia to bury herself, for this season at least, in the country. I will be very good and pretty behaved," she added, smiling in his face, "and, perhaps, another winter I may not even wish to quit Woodlands. This once then, I know you will indulge me; and you shall see how grateful I will prove myself, for your goodness."

Montravers doated on Lavinia, and believed her to be all that was amiable, good, and kind. He perceived she was of an expensive turn, but he made allowances for her youth, her ignorance of the world, the novelty of the scenes in which she had been latterly engaged, her extreme vivacity, and the little vanity a woman must feel, on finding herself the object of general admiration wherever she appeared. In short, he found it impossible to deny the request of the beloved of his soul; and, contenting himself with reading her a short lecture on the necessity of prudence in her expences, and pointing out the evil consequences which must unavoidably accrue from a very extravagant mode of life, he consented to carry her to the metropolis, where a small elegantly-furnished house, in a fashionable street, was engaged for her reception; a smart chariot and shewy horses hired for the season, a suitable number of domestics procured, and a course of living commenced, that would have required several thousands a year beyond what Montravers had, or ever expected to be in possession of.

Amelia beheld this new course of extravagance with a fearful foreboding of the consequences. She, however, ventured not again to remonstrate where she knew admonitions would only tend to irritate and offend; she pitied Montravers, and, while she secretly blamed his weak good nature in acceding to Lavinia's wishes, she anticipated the miseries into which her thoughtlessness would plunge him; while she dreaded also the effect her conduct would produce upon the mind of Mr. Chesterton, who had written to her in terms strongly expressive of his dislike to the London scheme, and who evidently foreboded many serious evils from his daughter's influence over her husband, and her indiscreet use of it.

Montravers was conscious that he had surrendered his own judgment to the gratification of Lavinia's fondness for company and expensive amusements—he felt he had erred; but regret was unavailing, and he endeavoured to console himself by the reflection, that he had acted for the best, while he cherished the hope that she would shortly open her eyes to a sense

of her imprudence, and yet be all he wished to behold her.

Alas! vain were the hopes and expectations of poor Montravers. Lavinia was again the object of admiration wherever she appeared—again she was surrounded by fools and coxcombs, and marked as the future prey of the licentious and designing. Envy began to look up, ere she had completed the third month of her thoughtless career, and her companion Slander conveyed in broken sentences, in shrugs, and significant looks, the anticipated downfall of the beauty's reputation.

(To be continued.)

CLAREMONT.

ARCHIBALD, father of Henry Claremont, after a course of university studies, was preferred to a small living in the West of England, through the interest of an old family relation. Though informed and elevated, he was meek and unambitious. He might have secured a place of more importance than the little vicarage he had obtained, had his mind panted for distinction; but Archibald Claremont possessed more of that spirit which influenced the great Author of Christianity: having wherewithal to be content, he sought no more. Mr. Claremont married early in life; and the produce of that marriage, Henry, and Maria Claremont, constituted his only delight. In his matrimonial choice, he had looked rather for mental than earthly riches; and the virtues of Mrs. Claremont evinced the intelligence of her husband.

To go over a plan of domestic life, which has been gone over so many times, and which has nothing of novelty to enforce, would tire the most patient reader. Henry was educated by his god-father in the best principles of virtue, which were illustrated by the best of examples—the life of that very father: and Maria, under the affectionate tuition of her mother, promised every thing that her parent could wish. The example of their pastor, combined with a spirit of industry in his parishioners, gave a happy lustre to the native beauties of Cowley. Piety animated the hopes and relieved the solitude of the meanest labourer. That cheerful acquiescence in the seeming contradictions of Providence, contradictions which often arrest the most unthinking, inculcated by their venerable pastor, gave an animation and sublimity to the face of poverty. Poverty! did I say: there was no poverty, for poverty was not felt; they were rich beyond the purchase of riches. Mr. Claremont now received from his college, without solicitation or expectation, a doctor's degree. This addition he would have carefully concealed, had not Mrs. Claremont's pleasure, on the occasion, induced her to whisper the circumstance; and it was not lost on his grateful parishioners. If they had ever been accustomed to esteem their vicar, this new honour, added to that piety which increased with his years, augmented their veneration for his character.

Dr. Claremont was a spirit of what we now term the old-school. He loved the constitution of his country, because he thought it the best which that country could have: he taught the reformed tenets of our religion, because he conceived them to be agreeable to Christianity; and preferred the established to the dissenting form, from a persuasion that it united the essentials of the latter, with a decorum and solemnity of manner which gave an in-

teresting dignity to the duties of public worship. We need not say, that such a man as Claremont, saw with unspeakable grief, the approaching career of infidelity. His little village, perhaps, was one of the last places affected by its principles: but affected it was. Two young gentlemen of fashion—and, of course—philosophy, coming from London, on a visit to young Claremont, for whom they had procured a situation in the army, brought with them two volumes of modern speculations, which, being deposited in a sort of case, denominated the pericranium, were constant companions of their travels. Old Claremont had already felt the malignity of these speculations, in the abated industry and declining happiness of his flock; but he now severely felt their influence as extended to his son, by the two Melvills. He exhorted, he reasoned with his Henry; but it is easier to find objections than to solve them, and the sufficiency of youth prevailed. "Henry!" said the distressed father, "if my arguments are unconvincing, I can only exhort you to what my religion will not permit me to force you. I am growing weak—I do not think that I am long for this world, that I shall be long called to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. I therefore propose, on the next Sabbath, to give my people—for I trust that some of them, nay, many of them, are *mine* in the highest sense—a parting warning. If you choose to hear it, I shall be happy to see Henry there." Claremont was touched, for his father lived not till the ensuing Sabbath: he was found, two mornings after the interview, dead, in his study. He was seated in an old arm-chair; he had fallen a little back—but the spectacles had not quitted his face, and his Bible was open before him.

(To be continued.)

Variety.

HUMOROUS TALE.

TWO English noblemen, on their travels, arriving at Paris, put up at a house where a German count had died and laid a corpse. In the middle of the night, one of the two not being able to sleep, arose in order to amuse himself in the kitchen, where he heard some people talking. He had diverted himself there for some time, when, being willing to return from whence he came, he again went up stairs; but, instead of entering his own chamber, went into that of the deceased count, over whose face they had only thrown a cloth. There is not so much ceremony used in France in the management of their dead as in England and Germany: for they are there satisfied with shewing their affection to the living. The Englishman, after having put out his candle, laid down boldly by the defunct; when creeping as close to him as possible, in order to warm himself, and finding his bedfellow colder than he, began to mutter—What the devil's the matter, my friend? said he, you are as cold as ice. I'll lay a wager, numb as you are, you would have been warm enough if you had but seen the pretty girl that is below stairs. Come, come, you may take my word for it, added he, and pulling him by the arm—come, zounds, stir, I'll engage you will be pleased with her appearance. While he was holding this fine conversation with the dead, who (detached from the things of this world) did not give himself the trouble of making a reply; his chamber door

was opened, which made him raise his head from his pillow to see who was coming in;—but judge what must be his surprise, when he saw a servant lighting in a joiner, who carried a coffin on his shoulders! He thought at first that he had been in a dream; but looking about him, and seeing the visage of one who had not spoken a word, a visage overspread with a mortal paleness, he made but one jump from the bed into the middle of the chamber. The joiner and maid, immediately persuaded that it was the corpse, who, being unwilling to be shut up in the coffin, was now playing its gambols, their legs were unable to move with swiftness proportionable to their fear, and the joiner, maid, coffin, and candlestick rolled one over another, from the top of the stairs down into the kitchen. Zounds, what are you all about? cried the landlord; Is the devil flying away with the dead man? Mercy on us! cried the maid, quite chop-fallen, it is rather the dead man that would run away with us. I'll be hang'd, said the joiner, if that dead fellow there has any more occasion for a coffin than I have; why, he has got into the middle of the room, and has just struck up a hornpipe. He has, cried the landlord, taking a light, faith—we'll soon see that.

While all the family were trembling and getting ready to follow the master of the house, the English nobleman, who had again found his chamber, had slipped into bed, quite out of breath; and his friend having asked him where he had been, he told him that he had just been lying with a dead body. 'Sblod! a dead body! it had perhaps the plague, cried he, jumping, in his turn, out of bed, and running to the door to call for a light. The landlord, the landlady, and servants, who were passing through the gallery, no sooner saw him than they imagined that it was the dead who appeared again, and down they came much faster than they went up, head over heels from top to bottom, with the candlesticks rolling after them: at this confusion, join'd with their shrieks and clamors, the Englishman, terrified at the hideous noise, soon made for his room, and slipped into bed to his companion, without the least fear of catching the plague. In the mean time an honest country priest, who lodged in the inn, got up, and appeared, armed with holy water, and a long broom instead of a little brush: he made his aspersions, and the conjurations prescribed by the Romish church, and conducted, by way of procession, the terrified trembling people into the chamber of the defunct, who, thinking no harm, lay quietly in bed. The priest was instantly regarded as a saint; and they all cried up the miracle of the holy water, which bound the corpse to its good behaviour, and prevented its being refractory.

COMICAL DOG.

A critic observes, that Edwin was a more comical dog than any now on the stage. This is an odd phrase; but Plutarch has in a degree justified it: he says, "There was at Rome a dog, belonging to a certain mimic, who at that time had the management of a farce, in the performance of which he undertook to instruct the actors, by teaching them the several imitations proper for representing the passions. Among the rest, there was one who was to drink a sleepy potion, and after he had drank it to fall into a deadly drowsiness, and counterfeited the actions of a dying person. The dog,

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

BY the arrival of the fast sailing letter of marquis Gen. Armstrong, capt. Champlin, at this port from Nantz, news have been received from France to the 24th November, which is confirmatory of the defeat and retreat of the French army within the ancient territory of France; and that Napoleon had reached Paris early in November, and convoked the Senate—ordered a new conscription for 300,000 men, and received and accredited Mr. Crawford, our ambassador, who has sent dispatches to government.

Bonaparte (November 14th) in answer to his senate on the critical state of his affairs, says,

"Senators! I accept the sentiments which you express towards me. A year ago the whole of Europe marched with us; now all Europe marches against us: It is because the opinion of the world is made either by France or England. We, therefore, would have every thing to apprehend were it not for the energy and the power of the nation. Posterity will tell that if great and critical circumstances presented themselves, they were not above France and myself."

A letter from Gottenburgh, dated Nov. 15, 1813, gives the following particulars, respecting the affairs of the contending armies in Europe:

"The head-quarters of the Crown Prince were at Hanover on the 5th of this month. Bremen and Cassel have been taken by the Russians. Davoust is still at Hamburg, but he must either be taken or cut his way through Walmoden's army which is twice his strength. Denmark must make peace or be annihilated as a kingdom; she came in at the eleventh hour. It is said the Crown Prince is pushing into Holland. There is nothing to oppose his going there. Whether they will rise and throw off their yoke, or not, I cannot say, but I should suppose they would not let so favorable an opportunity escape. That great bulwark of France, the Rhinish Confederation has fallen to the ground. The materials of which it was composed will be employed against her. While these great and glorious events were achieving in the North, the allies were equally successful in the South. Pampeluna has surrendered. Lord Wellington is in France. Beaumarchais has been obliged to retreat to the Tagliamento, and must fall back still farther:

"The prevailing opinion is that there will be an European Peace in the course of the winter. If so, Bonaparte, contrary to the declaration in the Empress Regent's speech, must submit to sit on "a degraded throne," and "under a crown without glory," however grating to his feelings. The Allies will no doubt insist on the emancipation of Italy and perhaps of Holland."

Despatches from the French government and from our minister in France, have been received by the letter of marquis brig Mary, arrived at this port in 51 days from Bordeaux: she sailed the 28th of Nov.

"Private letters, and even the public papers of France, speak loudly of the terror which prevails in the minds of every class in that country. One letter of the 2d of November from Bordeaux says, "this once great and powerful nation, which for years has been the terror of all Europe is, at this moment, acting on the defensive within the ancient dominions of France. This unexpected event has caused great consternation in France, and completely prostrated the views of the Emperor. While an invasion is threatened by the coalesced powers of the north, the southern frontiers afford much less protection from the invading armies of the South. The citizens of Bordeaux are much alarmed, and preparations are making to remove all merchandize. Nearly all the carts are put in requisition for that purpose."

The Journal of the empire says, "If we do not present to the enemy a front of numerous battalions, they will murder, by thousands, a multitude without arms, if we do not offer to government a part of our revenues, the stranger will come and carry away the whole of our fortunes—let all, young and old, citizens and soldiers, animate each other, with one only, and the same thought—let us defend our country!"

The Journal of Paris says, "Our frontiers are

who had studied several of the other gestures and postures, observing this with greater attention, took a piece of bread that was sopped in the potion, and in a short time after he had ate it, counterfeited a trembling, then a staggering, and afterwards a drowsiness; then stretching himself out, lay as if he was dead, and seemed to offer himself to be dragged out of the place, and carried to burial, as the plot of the play required. But afterwards, entering fully into the spirit of what had been said and acted, he began gently to stir, as if waking out of a profound sleep, and lifting up his head gazed around him, and then, to the amazement of all, rose up and went to his master with all the signs of joy and kindness; so that the spectators, and even Cæsar himself (for old Vespasian was present in Marcellus's Theatre) were highly delighted with the sight."

THE TWO JEWS.

TWO old Jews, who dealt in old clothes, passing by a gentleman's stables, were so fascinated by a couple of jackets, belonging to two postillions, that they could not resist the temptation of adding them to their stock in trade. While they were secreting their prize, the two owners returned from a public house, where they had been drinking a pot of porter, and saw the transaction. They rushed out, seized the Israelites, locked them up in the stable, and went in quest of certain things which promised better sport than a prosecution. They then returned, tied the two Jews face to face, and matting together their two beards, smeared them with warm shoemaker's wax. As soon as the wax was cold, and a sufficient number of spectators gathered together, to view this fraternal Jewish hug, the postillions, at intervals, applied a few pinches of snuff, which caused such a concussion of noses, and such sneezing and sputtering in each other's faces, that while it inflicted the severest punishment on the thieves, the spectators were highly pleased with this specimen of distributive justice.—*Lon. Pap.*

ECONOMY IN BREAD.

The Rev. F. Haggitt, Prebendary of Durham, has lately stated a successful experiment for saving the consumption of flour in making bread. Mr. H. gives the following account of the process: "I took 5lb. of bran, boiled it, and with the liquor strained from it, kneaded 56lb. of flour, adding the usual quantity of salt and yeast. When the dough was sufficiently risen, it was weighed and divided into loaves; the weight before being put into the oven, being 93lb. 3oz. or about 8lb. 10oz. more than the same quantity of flour kneaded in the common way: it was then baked two hours, and some time after being drawn, the bread was weighed, and gave 83lb. 8oz.—lost in baking, 10lb. 5oz. The same quantity of flour, kneaded with common water, loses about 15lb. 10oz. in the baking, and produces only 69lb. 8 oz. of bread; gain by my method, 14 lb.; that is a clear increase of one-fifth of the usual quantity of bread from a given quantity of flour." He also states, that the bran, after being used in this way, is equally fit for many domestic purposes.

As Benevolence is the most sociable of all the virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little but he is yet capable of giving and of receiving benefits.

threatened—it would be useless to dissemble—the safety of the nation depends on its own energy, and its unlimited confidence in the government; all private considerations ought to be silent before the general welfare—the enemy is at our doors, we must repulse him.—*Gaz.*

The British flag schr. Bramble, sailed from Annapolis on Tuesday the 11th inst. with despatches from the American government to our ministers abroad, and the answer of the Secretary of State to Lord Castlereagh, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

It appears that a party of British and Indians about the end of December last surprised a reconnoitering party of about 40 men on the river De Trench (head of lake Erie, killed 3, two made their escape, and the rest were taken prisoners.

Advices from New Orleans state, that 40 men had been landed at the Balize from the British sloop of war Herald, who destroyed the Fort recently built there, and were committing depredations 30 miles up the river. It also appears the British had demanded the national character of the inhabitants of Baratavia, (about 300 pirates) who declared themselves French, and that they were capturing all vessels they fall in with, even Americans. Their force consists of a brig and 3 armed schrs. commanded by one La Fete, and had made some valuable captures.

A letter dated Shawanostown, Illinois Territory, Dec. 18, 1813, says, "We are again visited here by the terrible phenomenon of Earthquakes. A pretty smart shock occurred on the day of our landing here. The day was very clear. On Sunday last we had two severe shocks, nearly equal to the heaviest of those formerly felt at Cincinnati. Several slight ones also occurred, but no damage was done at this place."

A subscription has been opened in Albany for the relief of the sufferers on the Niagara frontier, in which the distresses of 12,000 souls are described in the most feeling manner. The Common Council subscribed 1000 dollars, and papers were put up at all the public places for the relief of our unfortunate countrymen.

Another fire has taken place at Portsmouth, (N. H.) by which an extensive Rope Walk, with the cordage of the 74 building there, and for the Congress frigate, have been destroyed.

Mr. Russell of Rhode-Island and Mr. Clay of Kentucky, (Speaker of the House of Representatives) have been nominated and confirmed as Ministers, with Messrs. Adams and Bayard, to treat with G. Britain on the subject of peace between the two countries, at Gottenburgh.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the Rev. Dr. Mason, Mr. James M'Kay, to Miss Eliza Sinclair, daughter of Mr. Hector Sinclair, of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. Niel Gray, to Miss Jennet Mellrie, all of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. John Van Orden, jun. merchant, to Miss Sarah Vervellen, both of this city.

At Newark, by the Rev. Mr. Cumming, George Griswold, esq. merchant, of this city, to Miss Maria Matilda Cummings, daughter of general John N. Cummings, of the former place.

At Norwalk, (Con.) by the Rev. Mr. Swan, Mr. George Lockwood, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Cannon, of the former place.

Obituary.

DIED,

After a tedious illness, Hugh Nisbitt, in the 23d year of his age.

At Lyman, (N. H.) Miss Betsey Gibson. She had been courted by a young man named Jesse Moore, of Bedford, who attended medical lectures, and was left with him at her parent's house, on the evening previous to the morning of her being found dead in her chamber. Suspensions are entertained that Moore occasioned her death; he had absconded previous to the discovery of her murder.

At Copenhagen, the opulent Jew Banker Meyers who left 60 millions of Danish paper money, besides plate, &c. valued at half a million sterling.

Seat of the Muses.

EDWARD AND AMANDA.

NOW had the night her sable curtain spread,
And welcome sleep had seal'd each weary eye,
All but Amanda's; she still anxious watch'd,
And from her heart broke forth the frequent sigh.

For, ah! in vain she courted balmy rest,
While now the wave tumultuous dash'd the shore;
And now the storm was blackened o'er the main,
And loud the hollow wind was heard to roar.

"O Edward!" oft she cried with trembling breath,
"How do I fear for thee the threat'ning storm!"
"Kind Heav'n protect thee thro' this dreary night!"
"In safety may'st thou view to-morrow's morn!"

Oft thus she pray'd, for Edward still she lov'd,
As he Amanda, with the truest heart;
Long had they both their mutual passion told,
Yet from each other's arms were doom'd to part.

What struggles then their faithful bosoms tried!
Fain would they each have cur'd the others pain;
But to thyself did all thy reasonings fail,
And thy best arts, O Edward! prov'd in vain.

Amanda still thy captive bosom rul'd,
Her very name was transport to thy breast;
And what to thee avail'd thy deepest lore,
While yet her imag'd-self thy heart possess'd?

"Ah, Love!" he cried, "what pity claims the wretch,
"Doom'd in thy hopeless miseries to mourn!"
"And Mem'ry! what art thou but e'en a curse,
"Too sweet to lose, too bitter to be borne!"

Through lonely shades, congenial, thence he roam'd;
To these he thought for fancied ease to go;
Here Resignation meek he, pensive, woo'd,
For thus he hop'd to bury all his woe.

But, Solitude! thou softest nurse of love,
Ill could thy scenes compose his restless mind;
Thou deeper still didst fix the tender wound,
From thee what lover yet relief could find?

Away from shades and meditative groves,
Back to the world he turn'd, and sought repose;
Amid ten thousand cares behold him thrown,
Perchance in dark oblivion one to close.

"Far, far, from every scene of once-known bliss
"Bear me," he cried, "ah! e'en to Iodia's shore;
"Die every trace of sweet remembrance past,
"For, oh! why think on bliss, when now no more?"

But still, Amanda, dwelt his heart on thee,
When now resolv'd for distant climes to go;
And 'round thy favourite haunt at length he came,
There, ling'ring, sigh'd, then spake the sad adieu.
(To be continued.)

MATILDA.

HOW wretched his being whom mis'ry oppresses?
But she, how more wretched, who mis'ry must bear!
Possess you a heart that can feel her distresses?
Then list to the woes of Matilda the fair.

All lovely in temper, in air condescending,
On sickness and want with compassion attending;
Each virtue at once in her character blending,
Bright purity shone in Matilda the fair.

Cordellio she lov'd, he return'd her affection,
And soon she expected the bridal to wear;
With joy all beheld their approaching connection,
And happiness smil'd on Matilda the fair.

But short was her bliss from the prospect deriving,
For now a rich maid in the village arriving,
Was smit with Cordellio, and artfully striving,
Purloin'd his weak heart from Matilda the fair.

They married—Good God! of this fatal transaction,
I shudder the horrid effects to declare!
The tidings roll'd swift on the bolt of distraction,
And frenzied the soul of Matilda the fair.

Now daily to places most lonely repairing,
She roams loudly sad, or sits stupor'd despairing,
While her cheeks pale and hollow, her eyes wildly
glaring,
Have lost every trace of Matilda the fair.

Selected for the New-York Weekly Museum.

["The following sweet and touching lines were written by the hon. ST. GEORGE TUCKER, of Virginia, on being solicited to know why he had ceased to court the Poetic Muse."]

DAYS of my Youth! ye have glided away,
Hairs of my Youth! ye are frosted and grey.
Eyes of my Youth! your keen sight is no more,
Cheeks of my Youth! ye are furrow'd all o'er,
Strength of my Youth! all your vigour is gone.
Thoughts of my Youth! your gay visions have flown.

Days of my Youth! I wish not your recall,
Hairs of my Youth! I'm content you should fall.
Eyes of my Youth! ye much evil have seen,
Cheeks of my Youth! bath'd in tears have ye been.
Thoughts of my Youth! ye have led me astray,
Strength of my Youth! why lament your decay.

Days of my Age! ye will shortly be past,
Pains of my Age! yet awhile can ye last.
Joys of my Age! in true wisdom delight,
Eyes of my Age! be religious your light.
Thoughts of my Age! dread ye not the cold sod,
Hopes of my Age! be ye fix'd in your God.

THE HEDGE ROSE.

TO A LADY.

WHAT tho' unseen the hedge-rose blooms,
And seems to shrink from public view;
To none it yields in rich perfumes,
An emblem this dear S—— of you.

With conscious beauty fenc'd around,
The envied fair our homage claims;
But while she seeks our hearts to wound,
Defeats the end at which she aims.

But you, unconscious of your charms,
And e'en unwilling to believe;
The bosom melt with fond alarms,
And on ev'ry tender wish receive.

Bloom on, dear maid, and like the modest rose,
In sweet retirement shun the flatt'ring gaze;
'Twill save thy soul a thousand painful throes,
And well requite the spurn'd tho' splendid blaze.

Morality.

(SELECTED.)

ON SLANDER.

"——— Nothing extenuate,
"Nor set down aught in malice."
SHAKESPEARE.

"——— If my sentiments be odd,
"Remember truth is sterling gold."
COTTON.

IT may possibly be thought that this subject has already been exhausted; or, that the author, having received abuse himself, takes this opportunity of feelingly declaring against an odious vice. If any suppositions of this kind should exist, he now openly acknowledges, that although he has sometimes been singled out by the sons and daughters of slander as a mark for their weapons, yet, either because his own proof, or their unskillfulness in attacks, he never was wounded, for all their arrows have fallen beneath him. Permit him to ask those gentlemen and ladies who have contracted a fond habit of backbiting, what extraordinary pleasure can be enjoyed in conversing on the foibles of your neighbours, and "strangers within their gates," over which sensibility would draw a veil? In treating a subject, as it is generally treated at grog shops, taverns, and tea-tables, in a promiscuous and desultory manner affording no measure of instruction, and which to an infuriated temper would be contrary to all the feelings of humanity. "Charity," we are told by St. Paul,

"believeth all things." What horrid pictures which must be taken for true representations are viewed by every man of charity who is so unlucky as to be caught in a company of backbiters? How keenly must his heart be wounded to behold the caricatures drawn by these wretches in which a man is distorted out of his natural shape, and every feature blackened? Can this be an improving way of filling our vacant hours? Nature and society are inexhaustible: life contains innumerable objects worthy the attention of man; and such has been the care of our beneficent author that he has infinitely variegated our paths and our subjects of pleasure and knowledge. He has scattered his treasures with a liberal hand, and for one deformity He has given us a thousand beauties, or rather all are beauties as they come from him; but the depravity of human nature has tarnished their brightness. Strange that in such vast variety, one cannot find a subject which would serve the double purpose of amusement and instruction. When we are fatigued with study or business, and wish for conversation to resuscitate our spirits, how many subjects naturally present themselves which would tend, at least, to fill us with innocent pleasure. We may consider it a maxim that backbiting always betrays vacuity of thought and an inability to afford instruction. For I cannot believe that an ingenious knowing person, although he be morose in his temper, or of an envious disposition, can possibly endure to trifle away his time, for hours together, employing his talents in the meanest, ridiculous, and most contemptible of all occupations. It is mean, not only in regard to the profit which it affords, but it is unjust to attack or accuse a person in his absence without giving him an opportunity of defending himself. An honest man, even on this score, would be extremely cautious of indulging this habit.

Anecdotes.

DRUNK BY DEGREES.

Tipsy; groggy; tipsy he; the staggers.—Half seas over; cut; a little hoaksey; fatigued; top-heavy; mellow; rather how came ye so? Pinkey winkey; a drop in your eye; fuddled; rather free; or so; comical; boozy; been in the sun. Merrier; merrier than usual; merryish; got the staggers; can't see straight; jollyish; the bacchanalian ague; got a sup from the cask; a little fou; got the guzzles; got the hiccup; got a glass in his throat; Anacreon's surfeit. He has got his tipple; he is on the wet tack; has his wet sail aboard. He has got his soaking, &c. &c. &c.

A TEXT.

A PREACHER in Arabia having taken for his text that portion of the Koran, "I have called Noah," after twice repeating his text, made a long pause; when an Arab present thinking that he was waiting for an answer, exclaimed, "If Noah will not come, call somebody else."

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